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THERE was once a young king named Primivir, who ruled over a large and beautiful realm. He had ten nimble Body Servants and five Gentlemen-in-Waiting, all ready to minister to his pleasure or his need in every possible way. He had also a Chief Counselor to whom he went very often for advice.

The King and his attendants and subjects lived out of doors, sleeping under trees or in caves, for at that early time there were no houses anywhere. This was very pleasant in summer, when the sun shone and the air was soft and warm, but in winter they suffered terribly from the cold even when clothed in the thick skins of beasts.

One day the King said to his Chief Counselor: "Homens, can't you do something to make me more comfortable?"

"I'll try, your Majesty," promised the man.

He sent out the most skilful hunters to bring in more and more skins, and he piled these on the shivering body of the complaining king to protect him from the bitter frosts and snows. This appeased his Majesty for a while, but one dreadfully stormy day the King grew thoroughly grumpy and disagreeable. He sent for poor Homens and growled angrily:

"Come, Good-for-Nothing, if you can't

## KING PRIMIVIR'S CONQUESTS

By Julia Boynton Green

### CHAPTER I

#### HOMENS AND THE RED IMP

##### CHARACTERS

KING PRIMIVIR—Man (*primus—vir*)  
HOMENS—Man's mind (*homo—mens*)  
FIVE GENTLEMEN-IN-WAITING — The five senses  
TEN BODY SERVANTS—The ten fingers  
THE RED IMP—Fire

contrive some way to make me more snug, you are of no use at all and you are dismissed!"

"I am sorry, your Majesty," replied the trembling servitor; "I have tried everything I know."

"Begone then! And don't dare to show your face till you can prove to me that you're worth your salt. Off with you!"

So Homens went into exile. Weeks and weeks passed. One day he sat, sad and lonely, by the door of his cave, idly rubbing together two sticks that he had picked up. Suddenly from between the sticks appeared a tiny scarlet sprite that danced

airily for a few moments and was gone as suddenly as it came.

Homens sat with staring eyes and mouth wide open in amazement. He had never in his life seen anything like it before; the fluttering shape was pretty to look at and had left a peculiar, warm, tingling feeling in his fingers. Just then a rabbit hopped out of the bushes near by. Homens was hungry; he snatched his sling and gave chase. He soon captured the animal, skinned it and ate it raw, as all people did in those far-off times, and then, since it was almost dark, went to sleep in his cave.

Next day and for many days Homens thought often of the Red Imp. In his loneliness he would call beseechingly, "Come, little elf! Come little bright dragonfly! I want to see you again!"

But no one answered; nothing came.

He said to himself, "I believe I'll try rubbing the sticks again; maybe that's the magic that brings him."

So he picked up two dry sticks and began chafing them together, harder and harder, and—flash!—out leaped the wee scarlet thing again!

In spite of having wished so much to see him, Homens was so startled that he jumped up suddenly and dropped the sticks. Instantly the imp disappeared.



"If I could only make him stay!" the man lamented. But he felt sure now that the sprite obeyed the stick magic, and that he could call him anytime in that way.

He picked up the sticks and repeated the performance; this time he had a chance to say to the lively elf, "Please stay longer, little stranger. Why do you go so soon?"

"Because you don't give me anything to eat," complained a small mocking voice, and then the shape faded, leaving a curling wisp of smoke behind.

"But how do I know what he likes to eat?" mused Homens, pulling at his long beard in his perplexity. "There isn't a scrap of meat around and the nuts are gone, and he couldn't expect fruit in winter. I'll ask him!"

He squatted on his haunches and plied the twigs vigorously. The flash of crimson shot out, leaped to the fringe of the man's long beard and played about in it with queer little crackles, a stuffy smell and quite too much heat to feel at all nice. Instinctively Homens clapped both hands to his beard. Instantly the crackles ceased and the imp was gone.

"Well! you do take liberties!" cried the man. "Perhaps you don't know I'm Chief Counselor to his Majesty King Primivir. I believe you bit my hand too, you scamp!"

The mention of his master set the exile to thinking hard. What was the strange warmth that seemed to come from this curious, wild, tricky thing? Could he possibly make use of it in any way to mollify the King and make him happy and comfortable? He must capture the creature, feed him, study his ways and tame him completely. The first thing, he must contrive some way to detain the elf long enough to observe and interview the little creature.

"I can't let him play around in my beard!" laughed Homens. "That's altogether too warm; and besides he seems to have chewed off a good bit of the hair, the rascal! I know! I'll find him something as like my whiskers as possible for his antics; that'll amuse him while I watch."

So the next time the wee goblin came he found a cosy pile of bark all picked into fine threads, and in it he made himself very much at home.

"You seem to enjoy playing in the nest I made you," remarked Homens.

"Play! Why, I'm eating it! I told you I'd stay if you'd feed me."

"Well, of all things! Perhaps you were eating my beard, the other day!"

"I certainly was till you stopped me."

"Ugh! Mean to tell me you like hair?"

"Not particularly, but what's a fellow to do when he's starving? He has to take what's handy."

"I thought you wanted meat and birds' eggs and fruit—like me."

"No fruit, thank you!" was the quick reply. "I like my victuals pretty dry."

"That so? Then you'll be wanting a drink; I'll get you one now."

"No—no—no!" shrieked the imp. "Water's poisonous to my family. I'd die in half a minute if I should touch it!"

"My! You are an odd lot! Is your family a big one?"

"There are millions of us."

Homens gasped. "What do you drink then, if you don't like water?"

"Oh, oil sometimes—I—can—get—" His voice trailed off into silence, for he had gobbled up all the bark; he swiftly faded away.

"Oil! The idea!" mused Homens, grinning. "I certainly have a warm friend in that little chap. Why, I'm actually sweating!"

After that not a day passed that Homens did not entertain his new acquaintance with huge meals of bark and chunks of punky wood for dessert; all the time he learned more of the sprite's tastes and tricks. Once he gave Pyro—for so he named the creature—a piece of meat. After Pyro had gone Homens found the piece only half eaten, and it smelt so delicious that he finished it himself. It was so much tenderer and more savory than raw meat that he decided he would feast on Pyro's leavings from then on.

He found he must be cautious in handling the beautiful, restless elf, for he had a quick, sharp tooth for a hand or a foot that came too near. Once he suddenly left his quiet munching, darted along the dead leaves to a fine young pine tree at the entrance of the cave and had consumed half of it and grown to dragon size before astonished Homens could think how to stop him. Fortunately Homens remembered Pyro's loathing of water. He caught up a bucket that he had hollowed out of a piece of log, filled it at the brook and dashed it over the mad thing revelling in its freedom and gorging on its stolen treat. Its black breath soared to the sky.

When Homens hurried up with the fourth bucketful Pyro had vanished.

"Now I'm in a fix," he lamented. "What if I've killed him and spoiled all my plans!"

He went to bed very anxious and sorrowful. But the imp, in all his scarlet bravery, responded promptly to the summons the next morning, and Homens was relieved.

"Pyro," he said, "it's time for me to go back home; I want you to go with me for a visit."

"Much obliged, but I can't. Sorry—"

This was a blow, but Homens persisted. "Why can't you?" he asked.

"Well, for one thing, how could you carry me? Not in your hands, for I'd bite you; I couldn't help it, I'm made that way."

Homens knew it was the truth; and if he put Pyro in the wooden bucket with a nice lunch of bark, after he had finished eating that he would begin on the pail.

"There must be some way," urged Homens, stamping his foot in his chagrin. "I shall need you, and I want to present you to my master. There must be a way!"

"'Fraid not," said the imp. "But listen; you've been good to me and fed me well. Now I promise you I'll come whenever you do the stick magic, wherever you are."

"Good! That's fine. You'll hear from me very soon." And Homens ran off to prepare for his journey.

Then began a time of wonderful changes—enjoyment and prosperity for Homens, for the King and for all his domain. Primivir was so enchanted with his Counselor's discovery that he loaded him with favors, and he was never tired of watching the gambols of Pyro or of toasting himself by the warmth of the elf's body. For safety Homens built a rude little house of flat stones for the imp to live in, and with the King he was continually devising new ways for Pyro to help them. In fact the discovery and taming of the Red Imp was the most important thing in the world up to that time.

(To be continued)

## Norrice and the Club

By Arthur Chamberlain

CERTAINLY a club!

"What we want, girls," explained Norrice Dinsforth, "is a club where we can talk over the news of the day—the really worth-while news, you know; all about the great modern movements here in America and Europe and Asia and Africa and—and the isles of the sea!"

"Japan," suggested Drina Treverts. "Everybody wants to know a lot about Japan."

"Of course," replied Norrice somewhat vaguely. "All of 'em; everything."

"I suppose," ventured Loris Dennerby, "that we can meet around at one another's houses once a week and read some of the

best articles that we can find, and have each girl take some special country. Then we can talk the articles over. Norrice can be president, and I suppose we'll want a secretary."

"And a treasurer," put in Drina.

"Oh, the secretary can be treasurer," replied Loris. "Can't she, Norrice?"

"Now see here, girls," admonished Norrice, "if we're going to have a club, we want everything regular and—and dignified. We ought to appoint a committee to draw up the club's by-laws the very first thing; then when the committee reports we can discuss them. That's the proper way to do."



"But I don't think that any of us know much about by-laws," objected Drina. "If we must have 'em, though, why don't you draw them up yourself, Norrice?"

"Well—" Norrice hesitated. "Maybe I'd better; I'd probably have to anyway, committee or no committee."

It was almost a week before the girls met again.

"Here are our by-laws," announced Norrice, as she held out a number of typewritten sheets of paper.

The girls sat in silence as Norrice read her by-laws. It took some time, and the girls exchanged glances when she finished.

"Those are perfectly lovely by-laws, Norrice," ventured Loris, "but aren't they rather complicated?"

"Oh, I don't know!" replied Norrice in evident surprise. "I've tried to cover everything, so that we'll know exactly what to do under all circumstances."

"But you say in one place that all committees shall be nominated from the floor, and in another place that the president and the secretary shall constitute a committee with power to add to its numbers in the nomination of new members," objected Drina.

"Oh, well, we can straighten that out with an amendment," replied Norrice undauntedly, "or maybe we can get along all right without all this fuss. I had a horrid time, writing them all out, and I say let's lay 'em on the table; we can get along somehow."

"We must have something to steer by," exclaimed Loris. "Don't you think we'd better take the by-laws up one at a time, and talk each one over?"

"We can take 'em from the table when we get round to it," answered Norrice. "I've something a lot more important to talk about. You know we started this as a current events club?"

"Yes, why?" replied Drina as the girls nodded.

"Well, I've been thinking it all over, and I don't see any use in that sort of club," went on Norrice. "Any of us can read all we want to about anything that interests us, but most likely we wouldn't all be interested in the same thing, and talking over things you don't care about is pretty dull. I think it would be a lot more interesting and worth while to make this club a sociological club."

"Sociological?" inquired Eunice Raynor.

"You needn't be afraid of that big word, Eunice; I mean that we'd go all over the town and see if the houses were the right kind—I mean, the tenement houses—and if the people who lived in them had the right sort of food and took good care of their children and all that. My married sister's been doing that sort of thing in New York, and she says there's a lot of that sort of work needed right in this town, and I know she'll be only too glad to show us how to go at it."

Drina looked a little doubtful, but it soon became evident that the new proposal was popular.

"This really means doing something!" declared Loris; "and we can start right in!"

"Do you think that we'll really make a success of it, Norrice?" inquired Drina, as the two walked home together.

"Why shouldn't we?" demanded Norrice. "Think how splendid it will be for us to raise the standard of living in this town. That's what my sister says they're doing in New York."

"Um!" replied Drina skeptically, and during the ensuing week Norrice realized that certain obstacles stood in the way of her brilliant plan.

### Five Little Words

By Florence A. Richardson

There are five little words, I'd have you to know;

They are: "Pardon me!" "Thank you!" and "Please!"

Just use them often wherever you go;  
There are no words more useful than these.

These five little words are filled with a power

That money or fame cannot give.  
So commit them to memory this very hour

And use them as long as you live!

"My mother says that she won't have me poking into tenement houses," declared Eunice Raynor.

"A woman chased me out when I wanted to look after a baby for her," asserted Loris.

"I simply can't stand that sort of thing!" protested Drina.

Norrice was thoughtful for a moment. "What we really need," she announced decidedly, "is a domestic science club. Then we'll have something that we can teach these people. We'll have a community center where they can come and learn all about cooking and housework and the care of children and—oh, everything like that!"

Norrice persuaded her mother to give the girls the use of the kitchen for an afternoon each week, and the club members started in bravely, but unwashed dishes accumulated, and the attendance fell away. Norrice, discouraged, turned to her mother for advice.

"We started this cooking because we wanted to have a community center where we could show people how to live—lots of 'em don't know how, mother," she announced.

"I think, my dear," her mother replied, looking at the unwashed dishes from the afternoon cooking class, which were piled up in the kitchen sink, "that you girls are undertaking far more than you are likely to accomplish. Advising and teaching

other people is a delicate affair at best, especially when they have asked neither for advice nor teaching. You are all quite young; wouldn't it be well for you to wait until you have learned rather more about living, yourselves?"

"But we must do something, mother!" exclaimed Norrice. "There's the club—you don't want us to give up the club, do you?"

"No," replied her mother, "but what is the use of taking up plans that must be abandoned as fast as they are undertaken, because you really do not have the training to carry them out?"

"We're learning to cook, I'm sure!" protested Norrice.

"Perhaps. But cooking isn't learned in a week or two; and cooking is a small part of your plan, Norrice."

"You want me to do something useful, something worth while, don't you, mother?" insisted Norrice.

"I do," replied Mrs. Dinsforth, smiling; "but I know of no surer way to discouragement and failure than rushing headlong into any scheme that takes one's fancy. When one trusts to learning by experience it is usually at the expense of other people, and the expense is likely to be considerable."

"What can we do, then?" said Norrice. "I'm president of the club, you know; I must think up something."

"Why not post yourselves more carefully as to what is going on all round you?" suggested Mrs. Dinsforth. "There is plenty that you can learn from newspapers and magazines. Why not have a reading club and discuss current events? You might—"

"That was what we started the club for!" exclaimed Norrice. "I made a lot of by-laws, but we gave 'em up because they were too much bother."

"It takes one who has had considerable experience to draw up a set of really workable by-laws," replied her mother. "No wonder you came to grief! However, you do not need an elaborate code. Let each girl select a subject that interests her and then give her an evening to present it at the club. Then you can talk it over and your secretary can make out your minutes. I don't believe you'll need a treasurer; all you girls have plenty of papers and magazines."

A sigh of relief went up from the club members at the next meeting, when Norrice, having referred briefly to their failures, proposed again the original plan.

"We really need to learn a lot more before we start in to make this town over," she asserted; "and we can learn without a lot of formal fuss. Let's study the newspapers and magazines and then come to the club and talk about what interests us. Most likely then we'll find out what we can do and how we can do it, and maybe we can manage to make this one of the banner towns of the United States!"



## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

### Our Dreams

By the Editor

**D**O you ever sit and dream? Of course you do! When the sun is warm and bright and you're out alone on a wind-swept hillside, with great puffy clouds drifting overhead and bees droning lazily all about you, the chances are your thoughts go wandering off, off, off into space. You wonder what is beyond those big clouds and how it would feel to be miles and miles away from earth in some kind of powerful balloon that would take you wherever you wanted to go. You wonder all sorts of things. It is very pleasant. A good many boys and girls are a little ashamed of themselves when some one discovers them dreaming; they have a guilty feeling, as if they knew they had been wasting their time.

Don't be ashamed of your dreams! Don't cease to dream. All you dreamers, the world needs you!

The boy Columbus was a dreamer. He sat and peered with half-closed eyes out across the sea and wondered whether there might not be land beyond the horizon. Probably there wasn't, but it was pleasant to sit and dream about it. In the year 1492, when Columbus was a man, his dream came true. He discovered a new continent beyond the horizon.

And there was Benjamin Franklin. He was a very practical fellow; some people

said he was so practical that he was stingy. But he was also a dreamer. Many a time during a thunder shower he sat looking up at the sky, wondering, wondering. And then one day he flew a kite during a severe storm, and the result was a new and powerful force that the world is now utilizing,—electricity.

Few persons have accomplished great things without first spending many hours dreaming about them. The architect who builds a skyscraper must see it first in his mind's eye. The inventor who plans a new and valuable machine must spend hours and hours thinking of it. The engineer who is preparing to construct a great canal must first construct it in his mind; he must dream about it.

It is the dreamers—men and women of imagination—who are making the world a better place to live in. In their mind they see things as they would like them, and then they go to work to bring about their plan—just as a boy or girl in planting a garden first decides where he wants things before he marks out the rows.

No, don't cease to dream, for "out of dreams grow empires."

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## The "Boy-Brother" in a Famous Painting

By Frances Margaret Fox

**T**HERE is a picture in our Capitol in the city of Washington, known as "The Battle of Lake Erie," which attracts the attention of all visitors. This is the battle fought at Put-in-Bay on the 10th of September, 1838. It represents Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry standing during the battle, in the little boat in which he is leaving the disabled flagship, the *Lawrence*. The *Lawrence*, through chance, had been obliged to fight alone against all the British fleet, and had been the special target of the *Queen Charlotte* and the *Detroit*.

When he knew that the ship was sinking, Perry hauled down his flag on which were the dying words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship." With this flag over his arm, he ordered the little boat lowered. The English commodore supposed then that Perry intended to surrender, so he ordered his guns to stop firing. Next he knew, there was Perry standing fearlessly in his little boat while his men were rowing swiftly toward the ship named *Niagara*.

The minute the English commodore realized his mistake, all the guns of his fleet were turned in the direction of that brave little boat from which floated the American flag.

As we all know, Commodore Perry, then only twenty-seven years old, won that battle and captured the entire English fleet. This was the time when he sent the famous message to General William Henry Harrison: "Dear General,—We have met the enemy and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop. Yours with great respect and esteem,"—

The artists tell us that this is not a great marine painting, but it is a generally beloved picture because all Americans are interested in the "Hero of Lake Erie."

In the picture, as all are sure to notice, there is a boy who is pulling at Perry's sleeve. This brave boy is standing. He was the Commodore's little brother, and although he was only thirteen years old at the time of the battle of Lake Erie, he was second aid to the Commodore and was recklessly brave.

The lad's name was J. Alexander Perry, and he was a hero indeed. Some time after the year 1822, when he had become a commissioned officer, the "Boy-Brother" lost his life by drowning when he tried to save another officer who was sinking in the water.

All boys and girls who visit the Capitol are sure to see this famous painting because it is on the wall above the landing of the great marble staircase; and all Americans should know the story of the young hero who stands undaunted beside the Commodore.





## THE BOOKSHELF

Alice Turner Curtis, best known, perhaps, for her "Little Maid" books, has another series that is almost as popular,—the "Yankee Girl" stories. Here is an interesting new book in that series,—*"A Yankee Girl of Gettysburg."*

Kathleen Webb, the heroine, is eleven years old and lives in a small town near Gettysburg. It is in the spring of 1863, when General Lee and his Southern army are at the height of their strength. A great battle is impending.

It is an exciting time for a little girl, especially when you have a brother in the army and he is captured by the Confederates. Yet there is no bitterness in the mind of Kathleen; when she suddenly finds that she is able to help a Confederate soldier she does not hesitate to do so.

Kathleen's greatest moment comes toward the end of the story.

"Look't! look't! My lan' an' hebbendly home! Dar dey come! De Pres'dent an' de army!" declared the excited Hitty, rushing from the room, eager to reach the road over which the procession would march as soon as possible.

Kathleen was close behind her, unfastening the black cape as she ran, so that the folds of her golden dress drifted about her like sunlight. The grave face of President Lincoln brightened a little as his glance rested on the queer little figure in a wonderful hat and a trailing gown that gleamed and shone as Kathleen, forgetting everything except that here was the great Lincoln near enough for her to see his smile as his glance rested upon her, ran toward him, holding up a branch of glowing bittersweet.

The President drew rein, and the procession, the military part of which included Generals Schenck, Stahel, Stoneman and their staffs, came to a sudden halt. The measured drumbeats ceased, and the tall figure leaned from the saddle to smile kindly down upon the little girl who had so fearlessly run toward him.

And now at the great moment of Kathleen's life, as she gazed up into the grave, patient face of Lincoln, she could think of nothing to say when he reached down and took the bittersweet from her hand.

"Thank you," he said gently, motioning to Hitty to draw her young mistress back from the highway, which the colored girl was quick to do. Then the drum resumed its beat, and the procession moved on. *A YANKEE GIRL AT GETTYSBURG.* Alice Turner Curtis. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

It was Aunt Millicent who was responsible for the Leighs' going to Shady Vale. Professor Leigh, of Oldham College, had a nervous breakdown, and the doctors ordered that he leave his four motherless children and go to a sanatorium for at

least three months. What was to be done with the children?

"Pl look out for the children," said Aunt Millicent.

But she didn't. Anyway Jerry didn't think so. "I think she played a pretty trick on Father, promising to look after us and then shoving us off into an old house that hasn't been occupied for years!" he declared. "What if she was going on some relief expedition?"

The house at Shady Vale, where Jerry, Peggy, Lois and young Mark were to stay, was indeed old—and it had a mystery. There was treasure at Shady Vale, but you could never guess what kind! *THE TREASURE AT SHADY VALE.* Christine Whiting Parmenter. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. \$1.75 net.

## Saved by an Airship

BY J. ELMER RUSSELL

**T**HE papers have carried a thrilling story of how a big airship let down a rope ladder and rescued a man, who would otherwise have drowned, from the sea.

It seems that an American airman, Staff-Sergeant Charles William, was fly-

ing in his aeroplane along the Atlantic seaboard. Something went wrong with his engine, and in spite of all he could do the plane came down into the ocean off Cape Hatteras. The spot where the plane came down is a treacherous one. When it struck the water it was badly smashed. The wind was blowing hard, and the sea was a mass of heavy waves, so that rescue seemed well nigh hopeless.

The airman clung to some of the wreckage which kept afloat, and soon a surprising rescue drew near. The U. S. A. airship D3 was cruising in the neighborhood and the captain had seen the accident to the aeroplane. He brought his airship over the wreck and lowered it carefully till it was within fifteen feet of the water. Then a rope ladder was let down, but the wind and the waves carried it about so that it was some time before the airman could seize it. At last, however, he was able to get his feet and hands upon the rungs, and then slowly, rung by rung, he climbed the swaying ladder and was helped into the gondola of the airship.

To allow for his extra weight, ballast was thrown overboard from the airship, and slowly the D3 rose and sailed away.





